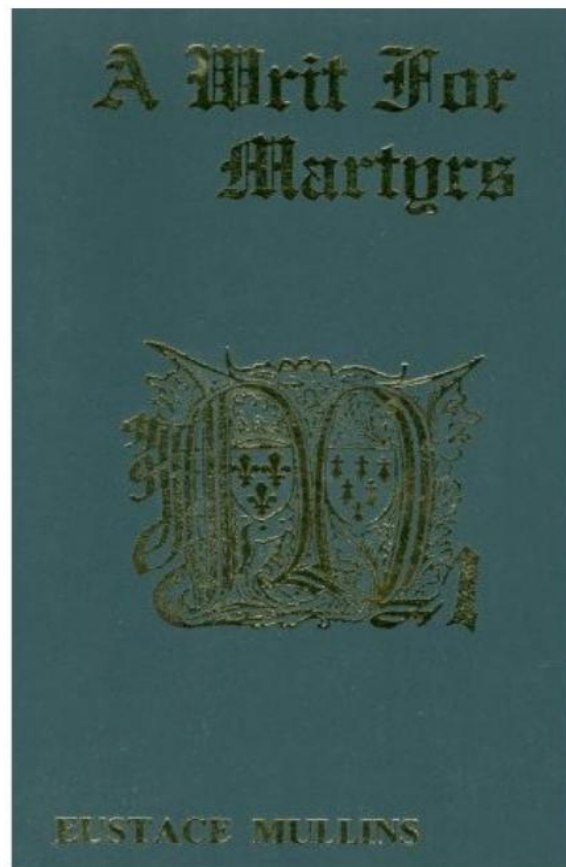


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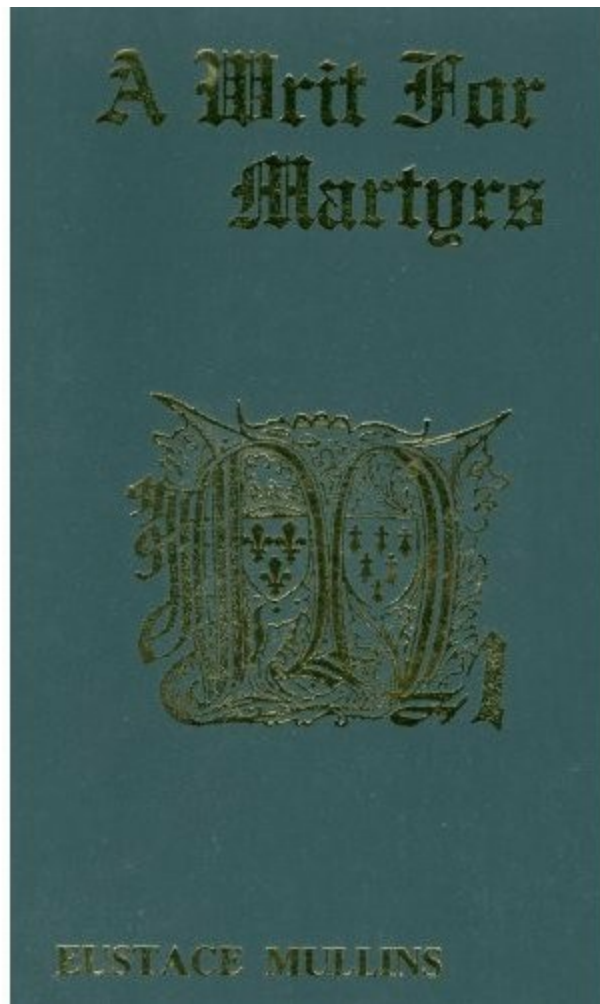
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A Writ for Martyrs



EUSTACE MULLINS

First edition, 1985



A

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Dedicated to the memory of my parents

Eustace Clarence Mullins

and

Jane Katharine Muse Mullins

and my late sister

Dorothy Louise Mullins

Foreword

You have read endless media lamentations about the sufferings of Mandelstam,

Pasternak, Brodsky, Wiesel, Solzhenitsyn, and Sakharov in Soviet Russia. Now you can

read about American martyrs, fully documented from government files. I speak for the

thousands of American martyrs singled out for "special treatment" and victimized through

such programs as COINTELPRO. The federal agents who carried out these brutal

punishments were acting on the diktat of their London masters.

This is an indictment. I present factual evidence documenting crimes which have been

committed, and some of the legal actions which have been undertaken in fruitless attempts

to obtain redress under the law. The many pages of official documents reproduced here

include no evidence of any kind which justified thirty years of surveillance by federal

agents, at an expense to the American taxpayers of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Neither do these documents give any compelling reason why the agents continue to hold

back almost half of my file. Some three hundred pages continue to be withheld from a file

of some eight hundred pages.

Despite this revelation of crimes committed, and injuries inflicted on me and my family,

nothing has changed. Many other innocent Americans have also been harassed, libeled,

assaulted, and denied every precept of the Declaration of Independence's guarantees of

life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in these United States of America. Samuel Adams

defined it thus:

"The natural rights of the colonists are these: first, the right to life; second, the right to

liberty; third, the right to property; together with the right to support and defend them in the

best manner they can."

You are not likely to see another such presentation as is documented in the pages. I have

urged other victims to come forward, but in most cases, the pressure is too great to allow

them to do so. Meanwhile, I continue my grim struggle for retribution, not because of what

I to endure, but because of the incredible malice of government agents acting on behalf of

foreign interests. Because they failed to subdue me by criminal acts which would have

crushed most Americans, they determined to strike at me in another way, by hounding my

father, my mother, and my sister to their deaths. This is not a pleasant story. It is a

shocking account of conspiracy to murder, obstruction of justice, and other illegal acts.

While I continue my opposition to the criminal acts of the Marielitto powers in Washington,

you should ask yourself whether any of this may be remedied, and whether it is time to

take the asylum back from the lunatics.

Introduction

For many years, I doubted that I had an F.B.I. file, a compilation which the Federal Bureau

of Investigation maintains at its Headquarters buildings in Washington, D.C. Such files are

kept on habitual criminals, agents of foreign governments, and other persons whom the

FBI is legally entitled to observe. I had made no inquiry to see if I had such a file, because

I supposed that even if it could be obtained, it would contain little or nothing of any interest.

I had never belonged to any political party. In some fifty years since my maturity, I had

never been arrested or charged with any misdemeanor or felony. I had served honorably

for thirty-eight months in the United States Army Air Force during World War II. I later

attended Washington and Lee University, where my classmates included many present day

luminaries.

I was finally persuaded to request my files from the FBI in 1980, under the Freedom of

Information Act. I was amazed to be informed that my file consisted of more than eight

hundred pages. The FBI was willing to release about five hundred pages to me. The rest

had to be withheld, because of "national security". I found this difficult to believe. As an

employee of the Library of Congress, I had been cleared by the Office of Naval Intelligence

to photograph Top Secret documents. I had also been employed at Ft. McNair, Va. as a

federal employee of the U.S. Army. I had entrance to many offices on Capitol Hill. The

Chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, Hon. Wright Patman, had

praised my history of the Federal Reserve System as "one of the few books

that I have on

my desk that I often refer to." Despite this background, I was considered to be involved in

matters affecting our national security.

Nearly two years went by before the five hundred pages of my FBI file was finally released

to me. After many months of fruitless negotiations, I requested my college classmate,

Senator John Warner, (R. Va.), to intervene on my behalf. He brought pressure to bear on

the reluctant bureaucrats, and at last the file was delivered to me. I answered my doorbell

one dark night in December, 1981; someone thrust a package into my hand and

disappeared into the darkness. I came inside, unwrapped the package, and sat down to

read some of the most incredible pages I had ever seen. Many of the pages, about fifty of

the five hundred, had all the information completely blacked out with heavy black marking

pens. Nearly half of them had only a few legible sentences on each page. The rest of the

page was blacked out. This was the FBI interpretation of "freedom of information".

In the ensuing weeks, I found in these pages the answers to many of the puzzling and

heretofore unexplained disasters which had struck me and my family during the past three

decades. On more than a dozen occasions, the Assistant Director of the FBI had

described me as "a vicious, warped degenerate". He referred to my "demented" writings,

and claimed that I had a "suicidal" nature. These files not only were routinely sent out to

other government agencies on request , but were made available to foreign officials,

political candidates, and journalists, always without the knowledge of the subject of the

files. Jack Anderson boasted for years that he could obtain access to any FBI file he

wished to consult. Like everything else in Washington, the FBI files are for sale, but only to

carefully chosen individuals.

The most startling portion of the file released to me contained memoranda detailing a

conspiracy to have me committed to a mental institution in 1959. I had spent part of the

summer in Michigan with Russell Kirk at his Lake Mecosta cottage. During that period, I

completed the final draft of the biography of Ezra Pound, and then returned to Chicago.

Russell frequently entertained visiting scholars, students, and various

intellectuals at

Mecosta, all of whom I met during that summer. Had any of them considered me insane,

Russell would have managed to bring it up, in his wry way.

While I was in Michigan, FBI officials had made arrangements with an obliging Chicago

judge to have me committed to a mental institution. When they went to my apartment to

pick me up, I was not there. This resulted in a national alert being sent out to have me

picked up. FBI agents went to major airports, train stations and bus stations, hoping to find

me! This has been described in great detail, much of which I have reproduced in this

volume.

I decided that in order to forestall any further such conspiracies I must file suit against the

responsible parties. The legal results were unbelievable. The defendants failed to answer

in the allotted time. I then had the clerk of the U.S. District Court enter a \$50,000,000.00

default judgment against them in the official record of the court.

These government documents prove that American citizens of my background, native-

born, law-abiding, hardworking and patriotic Christians, are viewed with fear

and loathing

by the Washington bureaucrats, because we pose the greatest threat to their continued

rape of the nation for their alien overlords. If you are a criminal, you will be treated with

great consideration by the Marielitos in our halls of government. But -- if you are an

American who is seriously concerned about the tragic decline of our once great Republic,

and if you have ever made this concern a public issue, as I have, you are in as great

danger as I have been from these furtive conspirators. Their lives are deduced to their

foreign masters, as they steadily plot to increase their power over our daily lives. In recent

years, a number of American citizens have been shot down by large groups of heavily

armed terrorists, for such offenses as failing to file the proper income tax information, or for

refusing to send their treasured children to dope-ridden, crime-terrorized public schools!

Yet these are not listed as capital offenses anywhere in the United States Code.

As you read the official documented record of the crimes committed against my person,

you may feel sympathy for me. But I survived . Your reaction should be --

Will you?

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Chapter 1

The Prisoner of St. Elizabeth's

"What country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that

their people preserve the spirit of resistance?"

NOTES ON THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, By Thomas Jefferson.

In a single day, my life changed from one peaceful artistic endeavour to one of constant

struggle for survival. One dark winter day in 1948, some friends persuaded me to visit the

poet Ezra Pound in his cell at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. That day was to

cast a pall over my life, and to bring great suffering to my innocent family. At the time, there

was no indication of any such problem. Pound and I had an enjoyable visit in his gloomy

surroundings, which were like a mediaeval dungeon, and I agreed to come back for

regular visits. That was a dark day, but one expects dark days in winter; there is always the

certainty that spring and its sunshine will reappear, in the ensuing weeks or months. For

me, that spring would never come.

I knew that Ezra Pound was being held as a political prisoner, charged with treason by the

Department of Justice. The press habitually referred to him as "the crazy traitor", but I

attributed this to the natural exuberance of the native American mudslinger rather than to

any actual malice. I soon understood that Pound was not crazy, and that if he was a traitor,

he had displayed amazing intransigence in refusing to give up his citizenship in the very

country he was accused of betraying! He constantly cited the Constitution of the United

States in his political observations. The government of the United States had not brought

him to trial, because the witnesses against him stated he "was always sincere in his beliefs

and had no desire whatsoever to harm the United States."

See documents G-1, G-2, G-3, G-4, and G-5

Pound's family had been careful to distance themselves from his publicized views, a

position which they maintain to the present day. During my days at St. Elizabeth's, I found

that visitors to the captive poet were usually literary people, of the prevailing liberal

persuasions. As a result, he was often balked in his desire to describe his longstanding

interests in economic and political developments. The sightseers to what Ezra referred to

as "the zoo" wanted only to talk about what Gertrude Stein served for lunch in Paris in

1922. They rarely concealed their impatience with his strictures on international finance.

I had no more interest in Ezra Pound's views on economics and politics than did his other

visitors. Nevertheless, I appreciated his resentment at his confinement, which prevented

him from carrying on his necessary research. When he asked me to find out what I could

about the Federal Reserve System, a subject in which I had no interest whatsoever, I

agreed to serve as "his legs" and go to the Library of Congress for him.

My previous visits to the Library of Congress had been solely to consult rare books on art

and poetry, and magazines such as *Exile*, which Pound had edited in Paris. I

now went to

Deck 35, the Finance section, which took me into another world. It proved to be

fascinating, as I discovered many suppressed or littleknown books which traced the

ongoing efforts of a determined few conspirators to control the people and the wealth of

the entire world. Pound had already devoted some thirty-five years to this same pursuit, a

total which I now have matched. Most of his research had been done in Europe, and he

had never seen any of the Congressional Hearings which I found in the stacks, and which

detailed startling evidence of the malefactors' misdeeds. The next few months provided

revelations for both of us. Pound waited eagerly each day for me to bring the results of my

previous day's research to him at St. Elizabeth's. His wife appreciated the new interests

which I was developing for him.

Already a book had begun to take shape, although neither Pound nor I had any such

intention. He wanted information which he could use in his correspondence and his

writings; but he now realized that we had gathered enough new material for a book which

could be of great interest to all American citizens.

I would have been scoffed at anyone who claimed that the FBI had already been alerted to

my research. The attendants at the St. Elizabeth's Hospital openly referred to Pound as a

political prisoner, who was under considerable restrictions compared to other inmates. No

one could visit him without prior clearance, or without registering at the desk on each and

every visit, regardless of how many times one had been there before. I found it irksome,

and stopped by one afternoon to visit him on the lawn, without making the long trip up the

building to sign in. I had not been there ten minutes before the attendants summoned me

to the of ice and gave me a stern lecture. Although I continued to visit Pound daily, I

always had to sign in.

It was understandable that Pound would be kept under observation. However, I had no

idea that a file had been opened under my name at the FBI, or that they had any interest in

me. I knew that the FBI, as portrayed by James Cagney, James Stewart and other clean-

cut American types, was concerned only with criminal activity. Nothing in my placid daily

routine could possibly be of any interest to them. My mornings and evenings were spent at

the Library of Congress, where I worked until they closed the doors at 9 p.m. My

afternoons were spent at St. Elizabeth's with Ezra Pound. I had no contact with anyone

who was engaged in any criminal or political activity. After I joined the staff of the Library of

Congress, I was cleared to photograph Navy documents with a Top Secret clearance. I

was a veteran of World War II, and later attended Washington and Lee University, where

my classmates included John Warner, later senior from Virginia, evangelist Pat Robertson,

commentator Roger Mudd, financier W. Herbert Hunt, and Robert E. Lee IV, scion of the

Lee family. See G-6 and G-7.

In Washington I had already been invited on a number of occasions by Katharine Garrison

Chapin (wife of Attorney General Francis Biddle) to soirees in her home. I was on good

terms with another prominent Establishment figure, Huntingdon Cairns, the longtime legal

counsel of the National Gallery. Cairns relied on me to keep him posted about Ezra

Pound's condition, and I often visited him in his office at the Gallery. At the

Library of

Congress, I worked with Senator McCarran's daughter, and we occasionally had lunch with

him. I also knew his older daughter, a nun who maintained a permanent desk in the Library

of Congress for her scholarly work.

A member of Senator Joe McCarthy's staff heard about the research I was doing. He

asked me to meet with the Senator. I was glad to do so, as he was at that time the most

famous person in the nation. He was at the high point of his anti-Communist campaign,

and, as I soon learned, he needed all the help he could get. He was extremely busy, but in

the course of a few minutes, he rapped out just what he would like for me to do. It was in

line with what I was already doing, and I assured him I could get just what he wanted. He

needed reliable, documented information on the people who were behind the Communist

movement. He knew the well-publicized "agents" but he suspected that they were only

front men.

I prepared a special twenty-five page report for him, which summarized many of my most

recent findings. I had discovered that the international tentacles of the financial octopus

controlled not only Communism, but also every other political movement in the world.

McCarthy paid me handsomely for the report, which he assured me was satisfactory in

every way. I spent the money on a beautiful tailor-made plaid suit, which I had made at

Stein's, the tailor for the top of icials in Washington. Several years later, when I met

Richard Nixon in the Senate of ice Building, he was wearing the identical suit, cut from the

same bolt. It looked as good on him as it did on me.

Senator McCarthy flew to Chicago to make a key speech before a prominent group of

Midwest industrialists. He used my report as the basis for his entire speech. He received a

standing ovation, and was given substantial pledges of financial support from these

businessmen. However, that speech caused the downturn of McCarthy's career. From that

night on, he was relentlessly attacked by the press. As long as he had limited his attack to

the "Communists", the ruling order was content to let him proceed along certain well-

defined lines. Now he had gone outside those lines, and was turning the

spotlight on the

people who were financing the world Communist movement. He had gone too far. Bernard

Baruch soon called him to New York for a private conference in his suite at the Hotel

Carlyle. Baruch informed McCarthy that he could continue to expose Communist spies, but

he must never again refer to the people who financed the Communist movement.

McCarthy agreed to these terms. He never again referred to the financial forces behind

Communism. However, it was too late. The dogs had already been unleashed, and they

pursued him mercilessly until his final hour. Few people realize that the instrument of his

downfall, the Army-McCarthy Hearings, were set in motion because McCarthy had dared

to attack Secretary of the Army Stevens, who was a partner of J.P. Morgan Co. Stevens

was also a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Stevens, head of the

giant J.P. Stevens textile firm, and married to Dorothy Whitney, found it inconceivable that

McCarthy dared to criticize him. Partners of J.P. Morgan Co. consider U.S. Senators as

mere mailroom clerks. A mailroom clerk does not address a partner; certainly

he would

never dare to criticize him. Thousands of investigative reporters in Washington observed

the Army-McCarthy Hearings, yet not one of them mentioned the obvious fact that

McCarthy had "forgotten his place". It was for this reason alone that he was censured by

the entire Senate.

At the time I did this confidential report for Senator McCarthy, he was believed to be the

single most powerful political figure in the United States. I could not have believed he

could be brought down so rapidly. Neither could I have believed that anyone would strike

at me because of the research I was doing. It was dynamic and vital material, but I was not

operating in connection with any political group, and posed no threat to the powerful

figures behind the scenes. Nevertheless, a leading international financier, Senator Herbert

Lehman, of Lehman Bros., was then serving as national chairman of the most ruthless

hate group in America. His agents in this hate group alerted him to my work, and

suggested that something be done to stop me. Senator Lehman requested J. Edgar

Hoover to send two FBI agents to Librarian of Congress Luther Evans, and to demand that

I be fired.

Luther Evans was dumbfounded by this demand, because he personally had invited me to

join the staff of the Library of Congress. He had heard me giving a reading of my poetry at

the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and suggested I would make a good recruit for the staff

of the Library. The agents gave him a flimsy pretext, that I had written an article for The

Social Creditor, a small English financial paper of which I was the American

correspondent. This arrangement had been made by Ezra Pound, who had been a close

friend of Major C.H. Douglas, founder of the Social Credit movement

Nevertheless, Evans had no choice but to order my dismissal. The following week, he

addressed the annual meeting of the American Library Association. His subject was

"Freedom of Speech".

Under the arcane rules of federal employment, I had the right to request that Evans

postpone my dismissal until I had the chance to personally discuss the charges with him.

He gave me an appointment, and, when I went to his office two weeks later,

he was very

nervous. He asked me if I wrote for The Social Creditor. I replied that I did, but that the

articles were on economic matters, and had no implication for any political party. He then

asked me if I had used the letterhead, Aryan League of America, the second damning

charge which the hate group had dredged up against me. I said that I did, explaining that it

referred to a religious group in India, the Aryan Path, with whom Ezra Pound had been in

correspondence.

At the time of this interview, I knew nothing about the visit from the FBI agents, or that the

demand for my dismissal had originate with Senator Lehman and his group of subversives.

I noted that Evans continued to glance longingly at a nearly empty quart of Virginia

Gentleman bourbon which protruded from his desk drawer like a beached whale. I decided

that it would be cruel to prolong the discussion, which was pointless anyway, when he had

more pressing things to do. Like many of the wretches whom the ruling order had dredged

up from the flotsam and jetsam of the American scene to do their bidding, Evans had

become a hopeless alcoholic.

George Stimpson, founder the National Press Club, had introduced me to some of the

more patriotic Congressmen, on Capitol Hill, of whom the most outspoken was

Congressman Clare Hoffman of Michigan. After I had been dismissed from the Library of

Congress, the only person then or since to have been fired for political reasons, I walked

across the street to the House Of ice Building. When I told Congressman Hoffman what

had happened, he listened sympathetically, but said his committee had no power in this

matter. "You could be of some help to us, though," he said. "Several Congressmen have

complained that Evans is letting the Library fall apart, because he spends most of his time

traveling on junkets for UNESCO. Could you get me some details on that?"

I had many friends at the Library, and I soon obtained irrefutable statistics that Luther

Evans had been absent from his duties at the Library a total of 141 days during the past

twelve months. He had travelled to many countries for UNESCO, while he neglected the

administration of the Library of Congress. After seeing the statistics, they suggested to him

that he should resign. He then went to Paris as a UNESCO official, where he remained for

many years.